THE New Republic

What Changes Are Needed in Foreign Policy?

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Revival in California

by RONNIE DUGGER

Middle East Middle Ground . *Elizabeth Monroe*

How Peace Came at Last . . . . *Louis J. Halle*

Churchill as Historian . . . . *Gerald W. Johnson*

AN EMINENTLY REASONABLE SUGGESTION

for ending both the recession and the cold war

by DONALD MALCOLM

JUNE 16, 1958

25 cents

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Washington Wire

Too Soon

TWO THINGS are hard to stop half way —a lover's embrace and a political revolution. The American colonists checked their revolution in 1788 (but that was mostly a geographical schism, and they were Puritans anyway). Mirabeau and Lafayette couldn't keep control of their affair at Versailles, and Kerensky tried and failed in Russia. Now Charles de Gaulle is taking his turn at moderation in France. Here the revolt comes from the Right. Nobody should underestimate his difficulties or try to guess the result too soon.

What "Must" Be

TWENTY-EIGHT years ago, on June 17, 1930, Hoover signed the Hawley-Smoot tariff with the highest duties in history "to fight the business slump." Within two years 25 nations had established retaliatory tariffs and 40 nations had gone off gold (paving the way for Hitler and war). Now it is 1958 and we have another slump, and this week the House starts debate on another proposed high tariff move. This one is urged by Rep. Richard Simpson (R, Pa.) and a group of GOP Neanderthalers who walk with their fingers trailing the ground like Messrs. Smoot and Hawley. The Simpson high tariff anachronism is a proposed substitute for the Eisenhower-backed 5-year Reciprocal Trade Act extension. It seems inconceivable that the Simpson version should pass.

The second of Eisenhower's three "must" bills, Pentagon reorganization, needs public support, too. He has awkwardly complicated this fight by first lauding the House committee's draft and then savagely and unexpectedly attacking it and, in effect, impugning the committee's good faith. Just why he has followed these tactics nobody can figure out. It could endanger the bill when reorganization is desperately needed.

The third Eisenhower "must" bill has to run the Congressional gauntlet twice. This is money for foreign aid. It is passed first as an "authorization" (without any money) and secondly as an actual appropriation. The authorization —for $3.7 billion—has been voted.

These three "must" bills will probably all pass. They will be hailed as an Eisenhower triumph. Let us examine them. The tariff and foreign aid bills are simply extensions of old Democratic programs. Pentagon reorganization could just as well have been introduced in Eisenhower's first year at the height of his prestige and power. The sad thing is that they probably represent the peak of Eisenhower's leadership in a world that so tragically needs vastly more.

Speaking of Hawley-Smoot, it's interesting to contrast the treatment of government pay now and in Hoover's time. How many people remember that in Hoover's fanatical determination to balance the budget he got Congress, in 1932, to vote a 10 percent pay *decrease* for government employees — and that Congress passed it! Hoover actually sent a secret message urging the Senate to make an exception to Army-Navy enlisted personnel because, in case of a revolution, he didn't want to have to rely on disgruntled troops.

Considerable Difference

CONSIDER the difference today! Since May 20, 2.5 million in the armed services and half a million postal workers have got pay increases, while a 10 percent boost looms for a third category: a million classified government workers. All told these three increases affect around 4 million men and women and amount to one and a quarter billions a year. In each case pay had lagged far behind rising living costs. Increased purchasing power is what the recession needs.

Nothing infuriates liberal Democrats more than the one-man decision of Speaker Sam Rayburn to go along with his fellow Texan, Treasury Secretary Anderson, against a tax cut. It left liberals without a party. Rayburn's support of the conservatives precipitated not only an economic but a political crisis. So far as the House was concerned it ended, for all practical purposes, two-party government on this issue; it wiped out the opposition. The Democratic 1956 platform called for tax cuts; the National Advisory Council of the Democrats has just urged them; Rayburn said "No."

A whole slew of Korean corporate and excise tax boosts expire automatically at midnight, June 30. The whole tax fight in Congress now is to extend them without change. That is what the third member of the Texas Tax Triplets, Lyndon Johnson, is trying to do in the Senate. Senator Douglas' forces have one big advantage. If they can't get some reasonable concession from Johnson, a delay would send *all* the Korean taxes down the drain. We hope they use their advantage to the full.

"Beep-Beep"

THE Soviet satellite, 100 times bigger than anything America has launched, continues to circle the globe every few hours. As a *New York Times* writer quietly put it, eight months after Sputnik the US still does not have any accepted plan to meet the threat. The sense of urgency over America's lag in education has almost abated. What other nation in history ever let its arms superiority lapse to an enemy so quietly and calmly? Is the public stirred? No. With Eisenhower in the White House "the American people won't be roused till Moscow puts a satellite in orbit the size of a five-room bungalow," one reporter remarked.

What is the power of this man Eisenhower? We studied his sermonettes to the Annapolis graduates, telling them to work for "peace," and to those at Mount St. Mary's college, announcing that there are all sorts of crusades waiting for them including that for racial harmony. Eisenhower, we concluded, extinguishes intellectual excitement with clichés as a chemical engine extinguishes flames by the ejection of soap suds.

"Pessimism must not cloud our thinking or weaken our resolute endeavors," he told the Annapolis boys, face shining. "Beep-beep," chirped Sputnik.

T.R.B.

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Correspondence

► *The Protestant Atheists*

SIRS:

IN his otherwise careful review (*NR*, April 28) of works by Russell and Huxley, Robert Graves, speaking of the Christian view of Jesus, writes, "This son, formerly a mortal, is said to have been *parthenogenously born* from

(Continued on page 24)

Re-Appraisal–III

The Long Climb Back

WHEN KHRUSHCHEV reverted to Stalin's blackmailing techniques, he did not for that reason abandon any of the post-Stalin tactics of luring neutrals by offers of political support and economic aid; nor did his emphasis on "peaceful competition" with the "imperialist" powers prevent him from continuing support for revolutionary forces—both Communist and Nationalist—which might undermine the positions of those same "imperialists." One day the Soviets concentrate their forces threateningly along the Turkish border; the next they announce a withdrawal from Rumania. One day neutral Finland is praised and offered economic aid; the same day neutral Yugoslavia is bullied and aid withdrawn from it. There is implicit in these tactics a fundamental determination to conduct the struggle between the Communist bloc and the societies of the West on several levels at once—military and economic, diplomatic and ideological —which we must learn to match.

This view of Soviet behavior persuades us that there is no prospect in sight of a permanent, over-all settlement of the conflict with the Soviet regime which would allow us to relax. It convinces us that the US must continue to develop missile techniques so as to keep the "major deterrent" effective, and to persuade our allies to maintain sufficient local conventional forces in the areas exposed to local pressure. But, neither the American taxpayer nor our allies will long support needed military defenses unless our governments simultaneously and sincerely put forward practicable proposals for limiting the armament burden and for reducing the risk of atomic war.

Specifically, in the disarmament area, we should give highest priority to an agreement for controlling the suspension of nuclear tests. And, more important, the US should take the lead in proposing an agreement that nuclear weapons should not only *not* be developed by "fourth powers" (which may be effectively prevented by a timely ban on tests) but also not be handed to them by those who have them. Such an agreement would greatly strengthen our demand for a controlled "cut-off" of nuclear arms production among the existing nuclear powers; and if Russia continued to reject this proposal—as her reluctance to accept any effective inspection on her territory may lead her to—the US would be no worse off than it is today.

In the economic field, the most urgent need is for a stabilization, and then an assured steady growth, of the American demand for raw materials. But no international stabilization scheme will assure producers in the underdeveloped countries an adequate price if we allow our recession to destroy their market; and no amount of US development aid for these countries could make up for a serious drop in the incomes of those producers. Here is a crucial test of whether the America of 1958 has learned to cope with the "contradictions of capitalism." There is no use our talking grandiosely about survival of the West, not to mention democratic victory,

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if we are unable to keep our domestic economy going at high speed and unable to keep in check our "economic nationalists"—the latter-day protectionists. And even if we succeed in this immense job of handling our own economic problems in a manner compatible with the interests of allies and neutrals, international stabilization measures such as those recently suggested by Dean Acheson and by Adlai Stevenson will still be necessary, and so will a generous policy of economic aid—designed not to "buy friends," but to enable neutrals to solve *their* economic problems without resorting to external dependence on the Soviets and internal dictatorship.

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The core of any new Western political strategy, however, is our policy for the disputed danger areas of the world—a policy for cutting our losses in China, for gaining a more defensible position in the Middle East, and for resuming the political offensive in Europe.

To begin with the point of greatest weakness, a plain recognition of the Communist government of China and of its right to the Chinese seat in the United Nations is a precondition for any new start in Asia. We must, of course, defend the right of the people of Formosa to decide their own future; and as they are likely to choose independence rather than subservience to Mao, such a policy will not endear us to the Chinese Communists—which, anyhow, is not its purpose. But it is the indispensable step for convincing a large sector of neutral Asian opinion that we are not bent on imperialist intervention on the Asian mainland; it will make the United Nations once again representative of all the major powers, which it must be if it is to do any good in supervising agreements limiting atomic armaments; and it may usefully diminish the present active concern of the Chinese Communists with the discipline and "hard" solidarity of the Soviet bloc in Europe. In short, our liberation from a doctrinaire insistence that Formosa is the "Republic of China" may accomplish for us what Khrushchev's liberation from the doctrine that the new nations of Asia were not "really" independent but were imperialist stooges accomplished for Russia—it will free our minds and our hands for dealing with the real problems.

In the Middle East, as Elizabeth Monroe argues in her article in this issue, the central task is to convince the people of the region that we are not the enemies of a "neutralist" nationalism, and that means that we must convince ourselves that the best way to prevent the Russians from gaining military and political control—which is our vital interest there—is to refrain from anything that looks like an attempt to establish it ourselves: we must stay as guarantors of external peace in the background, not as intervening allies in the foreground. It should by now be clear that neither our interest nor that of our ally Turkey—the only real and valuable ally in the area—has been served by the Baghdad Pact, and that we cannot afford to let the Soviets make all the proposals for "non-interference" by the outside powers. To get away from declamation and on the solid ground of testable fact, we should, together with Great Britain, propose a precise quota limitation of arms deliveries to all nations in the area from all sources, to be enforced by the United Nations: That is the concrete form which a policy of "disengagement" could take in the Middle East.

There remains Europe—the greatest danger area of them all. For while the risk of a local explosion is for the moment less acute there than in the Middle East, the risk of a direct involvement of the great nuclear powers in a local conflict is greater. Yet to remove the danger in the way the Soviets propose—by accepting the permanence of Communist rule in Eastern Europe and discouraging all popular hope for a change—would not only be a morally unbearable betrayal of captive peoples; an announcement that the West is unwilling and unable to help its friends in the one region where the popular forces of change are clearly in its favor would really amount to conceding that the Communists are bound to win everywhere in the end.

Nor can the danger be effectively reduced along the lines of the so-called Rapacki Plan—by banning atomic arms from the danger zone and possibly thinning out the conventional forces as well. While any forces of the atomic powers stay in this area, they will in fact have nuclear arms at their disposal, if only in the form of atomic bombs carried by planes based behind the frontier of the de-nuclearized zone. We have said above that it is desirable to prevent the handing over of such nuclear arms to the *local* forces; but if the armies of nuclear powers (US, UK and USSR) stay on indefinitely, even such an agreement is bound eventually to break down.

☆

The alternative, then, is a policy of "liberation by negotiation"; and that means inevitably some form of "disengagement," not in the sense of a reduction of our obligations to Europe but of a physical withdrawal of forces from a mutually guaranteed "neutral belt." For there is no possibility of freedom for the peoples of Eastern and Central Europe while Soviet forces stay there or retain the right to come back; and there is no chance of obtaining a withdrawal of these forces without a corresponding withdrawal on the Western side.

As the discussion of Denis Healey's proposals in our columns has shown, there are not only risks for the West in such an approach, but even stronger reasons why the Soviets would be likely to reject it at first. But we believe that there are ways of reducing the risks for the West and overcoming the resistance of the Soviets; and we believe that the effort is immensely worthwhile, because this is the only road to recapturing the political initiative and rekindling hope in our cause that is now open to us.

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MARIANNE

France, what of the night? Night is the prostitute's noon.—Swinburne

FOR YOU the Marseillaise,
Marianne!
To you the pride and praise,
Marianne!
The cheers of troops victorious,
The old, adoring glance
For you—restored and glorious,
The very soul of France!
Your fiery legions march
Through your triumphal arch—
But you've seen better days,
Marianne.

It may be, Marianne,
Some believe
You stand there as St. Jeanne,
St. Genevieve—
Your legend is appealing,
Your spell remains hypnotic,
You long inspired a feeling
Romantic and quixotic—
But to pretend you bear
No signs of wear and tear
Is merely idiotic
And naïve.

WHEN acting chaste Lucrèce,
You recall
You were no great success
After all;
For during Occupation
When ravished by Tarquinius
Your warm collaboration
Was somewhat ignominious.
Your virtue is in fact
No longer quite intact—
You seem, you must confess,
Prone to fall.

You have passed from hand to hand,
Marianne,
As empress, queen, and grand
Courtesan;
From the Bourbons you descended
To the line of Bonaparte,
And when two Empires ended
The Republic had your heart.
Now, the Algiers army moll,
Now, the General's baby doll,
You're just an old French tart,
Marianne!

SAGITTARIUS

The Intentions of Premier de Gaulle

Paris

WATCHING General de Gaulle make his solemn entry into the National Assembly the other day, a French observer was moved to liken him to "a peaceful bourgeois from the provinces . . . decked out in his Sunday best." There were no flags, no medals, no noisy martial music to hail the historic moment. It was not Vespasian or Septimus Severus making a tumultuous irruption into the capital at the head of his legionnaires; if anything, it was Cincinnatus responding to the call of a frightened Senate.

Because the dissident movement which brought de Gaulle to power broke out in Algeria, as the Spanish Nationalist uprising broke out in Morocco, many jumped to the conclusion that France too was about to have its own civil war and its own Franco. This interpretation is one which certain French editorialists have not hesitated to use for their own purposes—like the editor of *L'Express* who recently compared the French paratroopers' "Vive de Gaulle!" to the "Arriba Espana!" of Franco's legionnaires.

THERE IS PROBABLY no easier way of misinterpreting the present situation in France than to swallow the parallel between what is happening here and what happened 22 years ago in Spain. First of all, the social situation in France bears little resemblance to that of Spain in 1936. (The French Church has grown remarkably liberal and is the object of grudging respect; the army, though restive, is not basically Fascist or monarchist; while the workers, who are better off than ever, are frankly apathetic.) And secondly, it is difficult to conceive of two more different military men than Franco and de Gaulle.

In Francisco Franco there is and has always been something of the hard-boiled company commander, disguised behind a kind of Galician shrewdness. Fundamentally unintellectual, he is a dwarf descendant of the heroic *conquistadores*. De Gaulle, on the other hand, is a cerebral thoroughbred. He is the epitome of the sensitive, reserved French intellectual —a fact which his military uniform has only too often cloaked.

His first ambition in life was to walk in the footsteps of the great classic authors to whom his father, an instructor in a Catholic college, introduced him at an early age. But being a writer at the turn of the century meant being a man of independent means—like Proust or Gide. De Gaulle's father could not support him in this kind of career, and thus it was that he chose the army as an alternative. But writing—as his prewar books and postwar memoirs amply attest—has remained his first love.

It is worth remembering this biographical detail, for it throws a revealing light on the character of de Gaulle. The

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General's first administrative action, on assuming power on the night of June 1, was not that of a soldier; it was that of a Voltairian. With a stroke of his authoritarian pen he annulled the censorship of the press which the nervous Pflimlin government had hastily imposed in a "reflex of Republican defense." He thus abruptly ended an incredible week of confusion which had seen two Socialist ministers—one for Information and the other for the Interior—issue divergent and often contradictory orders to a hurriedly mobilized rabble of censors who quickly gummed up the censorship machine by a display of excessive zeal.

Authoritarian though he is in temperament, de Gaulle is too intelligent not to realize that dictatorship is not only not suited to the temper of the French people, but contains the seeds of its own undoing. No modern statesman, with the possible exception of Winston Churchill, has more brilliantly diagnosed its fatal flaws, as in this excerpt from the speech he made at Bayeux on June 16, 1946:

> And yet, what is dictatorship but a great adventure? Its beginnings doubtless seem advantageous. Amid the enthusiasm of some and the resignation of others, it gets off to a dynamic start which contests with the anarchy that preceded it. . . .
>
> It is the destiny of dictatorship to exaggerate its enterprises. Bit by bit as impatience with constraints and the nostalgia for freedom make themselves felt among the citizens, it must offer them in compensation ever more extensive successes. The nation becomes a machine to which the master gives a frantic acceleration. Whether for domestic or foreign enterprises, the goals, the risks, the efforts gradually exceed all bounds. Obstacles, both at home and abroad, rise up at every step. Finally the spring is broken. The grandiose edifice collapses in disaster and bloodshed. The nation finds itself shattered, and more lowly cast down than it was before the adventure began.

DE GAULLE HAS ALWAYS posed a baffling problem for journalists; for contemporary journalism, essentially mass journalism, has become a technique, and in rare instances an art, of simplification. The General's peculiar cast of thought, at times profound, at times prophetic but never commonplace, lends itself easily to misinterpretation. His laconic style of expression, verging at times on the sybilline, makes this all the easier. (His investiture speech, which contained just 633 words, was, characteristically, the shortest in French parliamentary history—even briefer than Clemenceau's short oration of 1917.) Unable to see him personally, all but a privileged minority of foreign correspondents have had to fall back on the testimony of recent visitors or trusted confidantes, who only too often unwittingly distort or deliberately exaggerate the General's subtle thinking.

The world was recently offered an interesting example of this process in the flood of rumors earlier this year to the effect that de Gaulle was so violently opposed to NATO that he was prepared, if he came to power, to pull France out of it. These rumors reached such proportions a few weeks ago that de Gaulle's most faithful partisans had to undertake a systematic counter-offensive aimed at dispelling these fears.

There can be little doubt that de Gaulle is and has long been dissatisfied with NATO. This is hardly surprising, since any one with the slightest sense of historical perspective must realize that it is an anomaly for Western Europe to rely almost exclusively for its defense on American power. Militarily, since France has withdrawn all but two of her divisions from Europe, the North Atlantic alliance is little more than a multi-national scaffolding for the Strategic Air Command, personnified by NATO's present commander—an American Air Force General. Diplomatically, the alliance is virtually meaningless, since it has failed to develop a definable foreign policy of its own and since its leading members go on—despite the warning of Suez—pursuing divergent, and often contradictory policies in the Middle East, an area of vital concern to Europe. Under such circumstances, is it to be wondered at that de Gaulle has expressed caustic criticism for an alliance so in need of drastic reform? But demanding the reform of such a structure when one is in office is rather different from expressing the casual thought while one is out of office that one might just as well get out altogether.

THE IMMEDIATE QUESTION mark hovering over de Gaulle's intentions has to do, of course, with his handling of the Algerian problem. During his flying visit to Algiers he was forced to speak of the "10 million Frenchmen of Algeria"—a phrase he had studiously avoided using in Paris. In all probability this was a sop thrown out to calm an agitated population rather than a reliable indication of future policy. For total integration which these words suggest, if taken literally, is a romantic myth which may appeal to an emotional brain like Jacques Soustelle's, but which does not appear to have seduced the cooler intellect of Charles de Gaulle.

Some employees in the French Finance Ministry have made informal calculations according to which it would cost the Treasury 700 billion more francs a year to place Algeria's 9 million Moslems on exactly the same social and legal footing as France's 43 million Frenchmen. It would also mean admitting more than 100 Moslem deputies to a National Assembly already filled with 150 Communists.

CURTIS CATE

A Conversation with

MARGARET MEAD

"Americans have substituted anthropology for history. This continual publication of what teen-agers are thinking, what parents of teen-agers are thinking—this is what you call self-criticism on the one hand, and conformity on the other."

NEXT WEEK

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The "Stevenson Plan"

THERE'S a parallel between Adlai Stevenson's Commencement-time proposal for free world economic collaboration and the Harvard Commencement address 11 years ago this week in which General Marshall launched the idea that was to carry western Europe through postwar economic storms.

What Mr. Stevenson proposed at Michigan State and the University of Louisville was that the President should appoint a Committee of Experts—"comparable to the group which laid the groundwork for the Marshall Plan in 1947"—to prepare an agenda for the regeneration of the free world economy. That system is declining because the pre-conditions of successful international commerce —low or no tariffs, high overseas investment ratios and convertible currencies (all of which characterized 19th Century Britain, the Low Countries and France)—have been disappearing. "We are witnessing," says Mr. Stevenson,

> the last stages of the old, world-wide, self-regulating, international trading and investment system which we in America have largely taken for granted. At the same time, as it recedes, we see, expanding, eager to take its place, the new Communist techniques of grants, gifts, loans, trade, aid, barter, technical assistance, raw materials at cost, or plain dumping—all bent to a single political purpose, the reinforcement of Communist power.

In today's world of inadequate reserves—in spite of multitudinous restrictions to safeguard them and in spite of the resumption of lending by the former creditor countries in recent years—the scope of international exchange has been greatly narrowed. Mr. Stevenson believes such a Committee of Experts should consider how to maintain free world sustained growth (at a rate of 5 percent a year in this country alone), a low tariff or free trade area, long-term economic aid and investment in the less developed areas, and an adequate level of working capital for world trade and currency convertibility.

These proposals, like General Marshall's in 1947, are imaginative but not pie-in-the-sky; and so, if they remain only words in speeches it is not because they are impracticable. It is—briefly—because Mr. Eisenhower is President, not Mr. Stevenson. There is no better, or more shameful, illustration of the difference that fact makes than Mr. Eisenhower's eleventh-hour capitulation to Senator William Knowland last week on liberalization of the Battle Act.

The Administration had urged Congressmen to give the President a freer hand in economic dealings with satellite states. This was the expressed purpose of Senator Kennedy's amendment to the foreign aid bill. But as a result of the President's June 5 meeting with GOP legislative leaders, he is said to have feared that Knowland's dislike of the amendment would lead to upsetting the whole foreign aid applecart. Only cowardice, apathy or naïveté can explain Mr. Eisenhower's acceptance at that meeting of Senator Dirksen's assurances that the substance of the Kennedy amendment would get just as fair a hearing in separate legislation. It is no satisfaction at all that the President is being blamed bitterly by some Eisenhower Republicans for his desertion. All that the President could find to ask as the June 5 meeting broke up, recalls Leverett Saltonstall, was whether anyone could join him for an afternoon of golf.

How Fast Do We Grow?

THE Conference on Economic Progress has just published an anatomy of the recession traced against the background of the long-range problems of the US. Its conclusions document the concern expressed by Mr. Stevenson about the "creeping crisis" when he urged the importance of an annual five-percent growth rate in the economy and declared that "the last 18 months have proved once and for all that we cannot check inflation by halting production." The anatomy has been detailed by Leon Keyserling, who in the 1930's was legislative assistant to Senator Wagner, father of the Full Employment Act, and at the time of the Act's passage was a member — later the chairman — of President Truman's Council of Economic Advisers.

His purpose is to diagram the difference between recent levels of US production and the levels that would have been reached if the economy had been fully at work. He estimates that from the end of the Korean War through the first quarter of 1958, the country has lost about $110 billion of production and 9 million man-years of employment; by indicating how this lost output could have been allocated, from missiles to old-age benefits, and by displaying the development of deficiencies in public outlays, consumer expenditures and private investment, Mr. Keyserling builds up a graphic picture of what isn't there.

Turning to constructive proposals, he sets goals for economic expansion in 1959, 1960 and 1964, contrasting them with 1958 actual levels, and indicating corresponding adjustments of the federal budget.

As an immediate stimulus, he proposes expansion of unemployment benefits and public assistance, and a tax cut of $6-7 billion, made in a form to enlarge the after-tax incomes of middle- and lower-income consumers. Looking further ahead, he proposes increases in federal outlays for national security, international economic cooperation, labor and welfare, agriculture, natural resources and housing. Farm policies should be reviewed, the tight-money policy reversed. In the private sector of the economy, consumption should be expanded by price reductions and wage increases. "Stagnant and 'recession-

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ary' economic conditions," the pamphlet concludes, "breed far more price inflation than high level prosperity and a high rate of economic growth."

In the same mail with the Keyserling pamphlet came the June survey of the Guaranty Trust Company, whose feature article, "Recession's Lasting Threat," might well have been written as a highly conservative review of the Keyserling proposals. Listing various bills passed by Congress and pending this session, from federal aid for highway construction to supplementary unemployment benefits, as evidence of the recurring danger of lavish government spending and regimentation, the Guaranty concludes: "A free economy has strong recuperative powers. Business recessions pass away, but debased money and entrenched bureaucracy tend to remain indefinitely."

These two documents are the stuff of American politics. Of the present situation, the conservative says: "Sit it out"; the other, "Do Something Fast." Between the two we choose Mr. Keyserling, as aware as he that his critics believe he underestimates the twin dangers of inflation and concentration of power in government. In a legislative tussle either would be modified. In our view the country badly needs the presentation of sharp alternatives like these, in order to force public thinking to go beyond the mushiness of the muddling middle.

Dr. Milton Stays Home

IT HAS BEEN announced that the projected tour of Dr. Milton Eisenhower, president of the Johns Hopkins University, through the Central American states has been postponed. Since the public is not aware of any crisis in the affairs of the university, it is reasonable to assume that the tour is deemed inexpedient for other than academic reasons.

But Dr. Eisenhower is an amiable gentleman noted for his success in smoothing over disagreements and reconciling opposing points of view. If he is unavailable as an ambassador of good-will, extraneous circumstances must be blamed, not his personality. The question then arises, can anything be done to remove or neutralize the non-essentials that might make him *persona non grata* to the Latin Americans?

Some expedients come to mind at once. We might, for instance, rename him John Doe or Richard Roe. We might change his official title from president to chancellor or rector. We might advertise him as a Democrat. We might put him, like a new oil-tanker, under Panamanian registry. A personage introduced as Chancellor Doe, a Stevenson supporter from Colon, could not possibly be mistaken for a President, an Eisenhower, a Republican, or an American. He could then, we imagine, make soothing addresses without provoking anyone to spit or throw mud.

Monopoly on the Air

A YEAR AGO, the House Anti-Monopoly and the Senate Commerce Committees recommended important changes in radio and TV network operations. Three practices were cited as probable violations of antitrust laws:

- The "Must-buy" policy—to use the network at all an advertiser must buy time on more than 50 stations.
- The option time arrangement—affiliated stations must carry at least 12 hours of network shows and drop local programs on network demand.
- The program tie-in plan—advertisers who buy desirable evening time must use shows the networks supply.

The FCC responded to the demand to curb the networks by appointing a committee of its own to study the questions involved. The resulting "Barrow Report" released last October backed up the Congressional findings, but still the FCC refused to act. It wanted the legal advice of the Department of Justice first—and besides it had no statutory authority to regulate networks, the Commission explained.

Senator Bricker is taking care of the first excuse with a bill, soon to reach a vote, giving FCC direct power over the networks. (Bricker's uncharacteristic enthusiasm for federal regulation in this area is said to arise from a general feeling that the networks are propagandizing unduly and from the specific conviction that Ed Murrow killed the Bricker Amendment with his broadcasts against it.)

Antitrust Division lawyers, we learn, have now privately supplied the Commission with the legal counsel it was seeking, too. Their advice: Make rules to stop the three practices in question; they are in violation of the antitrust laws and can be prosecuted but regulation is a faster and surer way than litigation to get results.

Get that Alien!

SINCE Congress passed the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act in 1952, Rep. Francis E. Walter (D, Pa.) has been kept fairly busy fending off amendments—the latest pushed through last year—modifying the original Act's prejudice against persons who cannot claim Nordic or Anglo-Saxon ancestory. In the last few weeks, however, Mr. Walter has found time for some new mischief. He has introduced a bill in the House which would restrict the rights of aliens to defend themselves against deportation orders.

If Mr. Walter and his ally, Immigration Commissioner Gen. Joseph Swing, win their point, the protracted legal fight waged by William Heikkila (who was picked up by Immigration officials and put on a plane to Finland without being given time to pack or to telephone his

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wife) would probably not be possible for impoverished aliens—which is to say most aliens. Heikkila, according to Mr. Walter, was allowed to string out his legal defense too long. The process of judicial review, he says, needs speeding up. That may be so, but is this to be accomplished by a measure which would, for all practical purposes, allow most aliens to be deported on the say-so of the Immigration Service?

The Walter legislation would require hearings on an appeal within 60 days of a deportation order. Yet, poorly educated and indigent aliens seldom realize what is happening to them until the Immigration Officer appears to escort them to a ship; it is only at this late date that most aliens turn to the lawyers and courts for help. The Act would also remove jurisdiction to review deportation orders from the Federal District Courts to Circuit Courts of Appeal—where rules require posting a sum of money ($500 to $1,000 for the printing of briefs and proceedings) which not every alien has in hand.

Since Representative Walter heads the Immigration Subcommittee of the House Judiciary Committee—and since he has his supporters on the full Judiciary Committee—his bill might reach the House floor. But even if it is approved there, and later by Sen. James O. Eastland's (D, Miss.) Judiciary Committee, the full Senate membership will, we trust, bury it.

The world is so full of people it would be a public service to pick on, why, one wonders, is Congressman Walter so determined to bedevil would-be immigrants to America or the aliens presently among us?

AN EMINENTLY REASONABLE SUGGESTION

of incalculable benefit to the nation

WE WERE SITTING at our desk the other day, and thinking of nothing special when, just like that, we discovered a way to end the recession and the Cold War at a single stroke. It seemed hard to believe at first, but subsequent examination of the idea has failed to turn up a flaw of any consequence. It merely requires, for its success, that the citizens of Russia accept, as gifts, all the automobiles this country can produce. And how can they refuse? If there is one impulse that the 20th Century has proved to be common to all mankind, it is the impulse to grip the wheel of a brand new car and sally forth, with manifold toots of the horn, in search of high adventure. We may take it, therefore, that the cooperation of the Russians is assured. Nor does it seem likely that our own State Department would enter a demurrer. What objection could there possibly be to such a brilliant stroke of diplomacy? As a peaceful and conciliatory gesture, it would be worth a whole Himalaya of Summit meetings.

Then who, we wonder, could object to a plan to provide every Russian with a free automobile? Certainly not the Pentagon, whose experts would be quick to realize that, in times of peace, the auto is a perfect weapon. By means of it, this nation might easily inflict upon its truculent international rival as much damage as it regularly inflicts upon itself, and this is no small thing. Every year in America, traffic accidents kill some 40,000 citizens, or the equivalent of three divisions, and injure about 130,000 others, or the equivalent of three army groups, while doing $5 billion worth of damage.

Perhaps it might be argued that the automobile, despite recent substantial improvements, remains an inferior instrument of destruction as compared, say, to contemporary bombs. But surely this is to argue beside the point. Frightening as they are, these bombs cannot be used, for they must be held in reserve, as a deterrent to aggression. And there is this about deterrence: your opponent is none the worse for it. Deter him today and he will still be there tomorrow, requiring to be deterred again. But once a fellow has been run over, he has, so to speak, been permanently deterred. Thus, to continue testing explosives when we already possess, in the automobile, a weapon whose destructiveness we have thoroughly proved on ourselves, is merely to sacrifice an assured result to a frivolous love of spectacle. For we must remember that no other weapon of comparable destructiveness can be used without arousing some degree of resentment on the part of its victims. Only the motor car has the skill to injure people without losing their good opinion.

BUT, YOU MAY ASK, what of the ordinary American citizen, whose taxes must support this colossal enterprise? Well, *what* of him? During the present fiscal year, he has put up more than $40 billion toward a military establishment which, for all its awesome potential, has not achieved a stroke of useful work. Would he not feel better if he had something solid to show for all that money? After all, if a mere fraction of the military budget had been invested in automobiles for the Russians, the money would have earned, by this time, a really substantial return in the way of devastation and good will.

DONALD MALCOLM

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How Peace Came at Last

by LOUIS J. HALLE

TENSION in the Middle East had been rising for the past month. It approached a climax when Premier Nikita Khrushchev of the Soviet Union stated that, unless the Turks withdrew their troops from the vicinity of the Syrian border within 48 hours, the Red Army and Red naval forces in the Black Sea would be given appropriate orders. Secretary of State John Foster Dulles announced in Washington that the United States would not fail in its obligations to Turkey under the North Atlantic Treaty. The press reported an informed consensus in the Western capitals that the chances of war within a week were about even.

That night, in my dreams, war broke out. No one knew the details of what had happened, but it was known that Soviet armed forces had moved against Turkey, and Western monitors had recorded at least three nuclear explosions in the area.

NATO forces in Western Europe and North Africa, as well as the American Strategic Air Command, were not caught unprepared. While the publicly proclaimed Western policy for meeting any such aggression had been that of "massive retaliation" by nuclear weapons, the deceptive purpose in proclaiming it had been simply to deter aggression. In case deterrence failed, however, the secret policy which it was *really* intended to follow was altogether different. Now the time had come to give this policy effect.

The Chemical Warfare Service of the United States Army had developed a sleeping gas of such potency that a quantity small enough to be carried by one missile or one bomb would suffice to put the entire population of a city the size of Moscow to sleep for 48 hours. The SAC bombers in North America, in the British Isles, in North Africa, and in the Far East, which had supposedly been carrying hydrogen bombs on their patrols, had actually been loaded with gas bombs. The same was true of the missiles on their launching-pads in North Africa and Western Europe, which had never actually been equipped with nuclear warheads.

Now, as soon as it was confirmed that the Soviet Union had attacked Turkey, the President of the United States gave the signal to carry out "Operation Powder," as it was called. Within 20 minutes missiles and bombers were shooting through the upper atmosphere toward every significant population center in the Soviet Union. Seventy-nine percent found their targets, and all the targets missed in the first round were hit in a second. The result was that, at H-hour plus four, the Soviet Union had effectively been put to sleep (as, incidentally, had the combatants of both nationalities in Turkey and the Black Sea).

The signal was now given for the second stage of military actions, called "Operation Pax." From prepared bases in North America, Europe, North Africa, Okinawa and Japan, NATO airborne troops, long readied, were dispatched to occupy every important city, manufacturing area, communications center, and military base in the Soviet Union. This operation was carried out, of course, without any kind of military interference by the sleeping country. The troop transports and the trains of gliders shuttled between their home bases and their destinations in the Soviet Union. At the end of 33 hours NATO headquarters were informed that the operation was complete, every target had been occupied by the troops (equipped with wads of chemically treated cotton to insert in their nostrils as protection against the remnants of sleeping gas).

Now comes the remarkable part of my dreams, showing that our Western leaders possessed a statesmanship with which few of us had credited them. The first mission of the occupation troops was to disarm the Soviet military establishment. This was methodically done. The astonishing second mission was to decorate all the occupied centers with flowers, ribbons, toy balloons, tinsel, bunting, and papier-mâché decorations—all of which had been flown in with the occupation forces! Festoons of colored lights and decorations were strung across the main avenues and elsewhere.

But the chief thing was the flowers: billowing clouds of flowers, long garlands with swinging baskets of flowers, carpets of spring wild flowers and blankets of hothouse flowers, all subtly irradiating the Russian atmosphere with their perfumes of Brazil, of Africa, of California and Florida, of Persia, and of the gardens that grace the English countryside.

At approximately H-hour plus 48, when the Russians opened their eyes from the wonderful sleep into which

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they had been cast, when they stretched their bodies and blinked at the new light, they found themselves in the midst of what appeared to be a flower festival. It is true that there were soldiers of various Western nationalities about, looking embarrassed, each with the characteristic grin of his country on his face. But they were obviously inoffensive.

There had to be explanations, of course, but that was easily managed. Notices and leaflets had been prepared. These spoke of peace and goodwill among men, the hopes of people everywhere. The past, they said, was a nightmare to which the world would not return. Were not all men brothers? . . .

The strangest part of my dreams, which I hesitate to report, had to do with Mr. Khrushchev. He was quite a time waking to the new reality, and he made himself a bit silly at first. But when he finally grasped what had happened his sense of humor suddenly took over. It was a wonderful joke, the best that had ever been played, and it had been played on him!

One of the things that our people learned was that Khrushchev was not really a bad sort at all. (They were soon calling him "Comrade Nikita.") He had never wanted to have the kind of career he had had, or to achieve the heights to which it had taken him. To no one had the past been a worse nightmare. From hour to hour all the years of his life, it seemed, he had lived in fear of imminent liquidation. In the course of constant maneuvering to protect himself he had, by stages over the years, incredulously and without intention, arrived at the top of the Soviet pyramid.

I need hardly say that at last the atmosphere, as all agreed, was just right for the Summit Conference. The Conference had already been called when I woke up.

Politics in California—II

Revival among the Democrats

by RONNIE DUGGER

EARL WARREN-Democrat Edmund "Pat" Brown's landslide primary majority over Sen. William Knowland for the California governorship not only humiliates the Senate Republican Minority Leader in what had to turn out to be a bold, smart move if it was not to be judged stupid. It also jolts the Republicans' 64-year control in California; it reflects upon the political power of the big-city newspaper triumvirate (the *Los Angeles Times*, the *San Francisco Chronicle*, and the *Oakland Tribune*, whose assistant publisher is Senator Knowland); and it weakens the Republican right wing in the preliminary bouts that will culminate in the main event of 1960. Vice-President Richard Nixon must answer some questions—why his support of his potential Presidential competitor was so belated, and then so lukewarm; whether he finds the prospect of Governor Bill Knowland more abhorrent than the prospect of a Democratic California—but in the long run, if Brown finally wins in November, the Vice-President will be obliged to him for scuttling the ungraceful but powerful Knowland tanker.

To understand superficially why the Catholic state attorney general from San Francisco was able to lead the state's Democrats to their bracing revival one might consider that just when the Republicans were intemperately abusing each other because Knowland and Nixon had shunted aside Governor Goodie Knight—and just as Knowland was deliberately, almost morbidly kicking away organized labor's votes—the Democrats were united as not before behind a slate nominated by the California Democratic Council and headed by a Democrat who said recession-weary Californians want a return to Earl Warren's kind of state government. But to see this Democratic revival in perspective, we have to duck back across modern California politics to its germinations in the progressive movement at the opening of the century.

The "associated villainies" of Southern Pacific, freight rates that varied with company profits and the conditions of the harvest, monopolistic coercion of competing transport and rank abuse of individuals included, too, if one is to believe such historians as George Edwin Mowry (*The California Progressives*), the corrupting of state agencies and legislatures, the purchase of part of the press and an almost sovereign influence over the state courts. Once asked why the railroad could so control the state, William Herrin, chief counsel and head of the Southern Pacific Political Bureau, replied, "because of its control of reform movements." Herrin and Southern Pacific were non-partisan, wheeling about ponderously to cor-

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rupt impartially the state conventions of both parties; so, when reformers rose, they decided to be non-partisan too.

The progressives themselves, "a group of highly literate, independent free enterprisers and professional men," were gentlemanly and generally anti-labor. They spoke of "our crowd," "the better element," "the good "people" and distrusted "from below . . . pigheaded and brutish criminality" as well as, from above, the excesses of monopoly. Mainly they wanted to take class consciousness out of politics. "I believe altruism is a bigger force in the world than selfishness," said one intellectual, William Kent, in 1911.

Hiram Johnson, the progressive movement's banner-bearer, fought simply and roughly on the theme: "The Southern Pacific must keep its dirty hands out of politics." Winning, the Johnson progressives in California killed by indifference a law to help unions then in the clutches of hostile courts, even as the progressives hopefully deprived political parties of the nominating power by creating a system in which candidates unidentified by party could seek office in the primaries of parties other than their own—in other words, cross-filing. With this "invitation to the masquerade," as UCLA Professor and Democratic leader Dean McHenry calls it, distrust of political parties became the law of California.

As Johnson silently approved when hungry workers were driven out of Sacramento with clubs and firehoses, as it became clear that he was a liberal who had run out of procedures to reform, the California progressives were submerged and sunk—along with Theodore Roosevelt—when the national progressive movement came to an end. Johnson tried to promote himself into the Presidency in 1920 with anti-Oriental, anti-League-of-Nations "Americanism"; he campaigned for an acknowledged reactionary for US Senator, and thus the once-happy band was scattered. State government fell back into the waiting arms of the corporations; except for the able and independent Governor C. C. Young in 1926, the Republican regulars joyously, if decorously, retained control. The Kent who in 1911 so banked on the power of altruism felt in 1922, in Mark Twain's words, like "murdering his conscience as a useless handicap."

PAUL ZIFFREN, an urbane, strong-minded Los Angeles liberal who has become the national committeeman for California Democrats, says the progressives' election code assumed "in every respect that a political organization is essentially corrupt." Thus, today the Democratic State Committee is still an unwieldy group of about 750 people; the party county committees are popularly elected and thus do not have the same loyalties as the appointed "pros" of the state party. California mayors, city councilmen, county supervisors, boards of education, judges, and district attorneys are supposedly non-partisan; thus are party supporters deprived of many venial incentives for work and organization.

Those in control of the state Democratic machinery after the progressives faded away were, according to Ziffren, "a professional minority" until 1932, receiving certain favors in return for not trying to win elections. Upton Sinclair, socialist candidate for governor in 1926 and 1930, changed himself into a Democrat in 1933 and won the Democratic nomination the next year on the EPIC, "End Poverty in California," ticket. His nomination destroyed any possibility of Democratic unity in California behind the New Deal. A public relations team which was to remain prominently in California politics—Clem Whitaker and Leona Baxter—managed the Republicans' multi-million-dollar counterattack which prevailed against Sinclair in '34, but in 1938 Culbert Olson, who had won a State Senate seat in '34, was elected governor as a Democrat.

You won't find many Californians, however partisan, who say the Olson administration was efficient. Moreover, there were charges that Communists had wormed their way into the woodwork. During the early Democratic years, when California's Democratic Party could have been organizing, grooming leaders, working for adoption of state laws for strengthening the two-party system, the Republicans had the legislature and the Sinclair-type "Democrats" had the initiative in state politics. Olson was in the Governor's seat but, as Dewey Anderson has written, "The Democratic Party (did not build) a disciplined organization during the four years of control of the state's highest office."

Earl Warren had been the district attorney of Alameda County and a friend of Joe Knowland, publisher of the *Tribune* and Bill Knowland's father. In Mexico, the powers-that-be designate "El Tapadito," The Shrouded

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One, The Secret Choice, The Tapped; in California, Joe Knowland and the *Los Angeles Times* and *San Francisco Chronicle* have usually designated the Republicans' "Tapadito." With their approval Warren cross-filed and won both party nominations for attorney-general. In 1942 he announced against Olson on a non-partisan ticket. With Whitaker and Baxter in 1942, and without them in 1946 and 1950, Warren became the most important beneficiary of the progressive tradition of distrust of parties.

He was a good governor: as Ed Lybeck, Rep. James Roosevelt's field representative, says, "Let's admit it; he was the best Republican governor this state ever had, maybe the best Republican governor any state ever had." But during his era the Republicans burrowed even deeper into the legislature and local county governments, while the Democrats were further divided. From 1940 to 1952, 84 percent of the state's senators and 72 percent of the assemblymen won the nominations of both parties: by 1948 Professor McHenry had concluded that in California "party has been relegated to a meager and nominal role—impotent, starved, ill-organized, and dishonored." After the "awful mess" of the Olson administration (Ziffren's phrase), Warren, by moving the Republicans toward the center, finished the destruction of the Democrats.

One result was California's "Class of '46": Nixon in the House and Knowland in the Senate. In 1948 California narrowly supported Truman; in 1950 came the low tide, the defeat of Helen Gahagan Douglas by an unprincipled and well-heeled Nixon and Warren's easy defeat of James Roosevelt. Bitterness developed among the Democrats when, even as they had so little cause for hope, some of their own number attacked Mrs. Douglas in a manner not too unlike Nixon's. Many remember, too, that Pat Brown, the Democratic candidate for attorney general that year, refused to be associated with Douglas or Roosevelt. A number of Warren-Brown billboards appeared in 1950, just as a number of Knight-Brown billboards were to appear in 1958. In the confusion about affiliations, Democrat Alexander Zombrane remembers, "we even went around pasting 'Republican' on billboards, and the next day it would be taken off. It was that bad." In 1952 Knowland won both party nominations for US Senator, carrying 57 of the 58 counties, and Eisenhower carried the state by 700,000 votes.

EVER since 1936 a "Republican Assembly" had been endorsing candidates, leaving the Democrats to split their votes among their several aspirants. But in the late thirties and early forties, local Democratic clubs were organized in Los Angeles (with this year's Democratic candidate for lieutenant governor, Glenn Anderson, in the forefront). In 1942 a Los Angeles County Council of the Democrats had mild success with its Congressional endorsements. James Roosevelt tried to spread the clubs

"What's this I hear about the Nixon buildup back East?"

in the late forties but was opposed in the northern part of the state by party regulars. Finally, however, the desperateness of the Democrats' plight, plus the 1952 Adlai Stevenson candidacy which had such an inspiriting effect on politics, stirred to life the long-passive middle-class political intellectuals, people not union-oriented but generally pro-union and, except for their pro-union bias, not unlike the progressives of the 1910's. On the eve of Stevenson's 1952 campaign there were 75 local Democratic clubs, mostly in Los Angeles; by November there were 175. Late in 1952 State Sen. George Miller, a club partisan who fortuitously was also the state party chairman, issued an official call for a party conference at Asilomar, on the coast near Monterey, to decide what ailed the Democrats in California. The answer of the several hundred delegates: Lack of discipline, lack of organization. There was agreement (with much of the policy coming from Alan Cranston, world federalist and former journalist) that the Democrats would have to make pre-primary endorsements and then work together for the party nominees.

In May, 1953, at Stockton, the Northern California clubs organized and decided firmly on pre-primary endorsements. At Fresno, in November of that year, the clubs united, became statewide. California politics has not been the same since. In the ensuing primary for the first time in 40 years the Democrats nominated Demo-

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crats for every state office as well as Congressional seats. Cross-filing was becoming a gesture without much point. In 1956 the clubs endorsed Richard Richards of Los Angeles for US Senator in preference to Rep. Sam Yorty, and though Yorty accused the 1,500 delegates of an illegal conspiracy, Richards beat him in the state primary two-and-a-half to one. Not a single Republican won a Democratic Congressional nomination in '56, but three Democrats won Republican primaries; in 80 assembly races only 18 candidates won both nominations, and only four of these were Republicans.

One may look upon these Democratic successes either as an achievement of the club movement or, as Mary Ellen O'Leary, associate editor of the *San Francisco News* sees it, as the result of the fact that in 1954 party labels were put on the ballot.

At Fresno, in 1958, 1,800 California Democratic Council delegates endorsed Brown for governor and, for Senator, Rep. Clair Engle, who led Governor Knight in the June 3 primary on the combined tickets (Engle, 46 percent; Knight, 30 percent; Mayor Christopher, 23 percent). Engle, a "public power liberal" as they say, who voted for the Taft-Hartley law, said at one point during the convention, "These guys want idealism, so I'll give them idealism. . . . I sure won't run without them." When Engle prevailed against a professor of political science, the party pros also prevailed, but the "amateurs" scored with the endorsements of Glenn Anderson, an EPIC-produced liberal, for lieutenant governor; Judge Stanley Mosk, for attorney general; Henry Lopez, an Ivy League-educated Latin-American lawyer, for secretary of state; and Alan Cranston for controller. One of the most remarkable facts about the June 3 primary was the huge votes these men rolled, most of them winning nomination against incumbents who had won both designations in years past.

The California Democratic Council's policy resolutions this year support the Supreme Court against its Southern and McCarthyite critics, higher personal tax exemptions, federal aid to education, trade with Asia, (including Communist China), national health insurance, disarmament (including an end to nuclear testing), increased exchange of persons with other nations (including the Soviet bloc) and a state fair employment practices law. Joseph Wyatt, the conservative-appearing Los Angeles lawyer who is now the CDC's president, says many club members are more moderate than is thought, while others are "shibboleth liberals." He is looking forward to an issues conference at the next convention at which the club people can take time to "cerebrate about this stuff."

The council now has some 400 clubs with about 34,000 members, Wyatt says, more than half of them from Los Angeles County. The clubs, named for assembly districts, a neighborhood, a municipality or a revered Democrat, meet in homes, public and union halls.

Some party and union leaders resent the clubs. The state AFL has opposed club candidates in some local elections. Los Angeles Rep. Chet Holifield doesn't like "self-anointed" leaders writing platforms and selecting candidates. It's all too irregular. Mrs. Elizabeth Snyder, state party chairman for two years, says the club members do not always make responsible selections. S. G. Goodman, financial secretary of the Machinists' Los Angeles Lodge 311, says they are dangerous: "There's no discipline. Even the chairman of the state central committee has no control over them. They just run wild. I don't think they should be allowed to endorse the local candidates." John Despol, political staff chief of the state AFL-CIO, says the problem is to get a political organization in which the leadership is responsible to the membership and the membership is responsible financially to the organization.

Fred Dutton, Brown's state manager, calls the club movement "a complete bust. . . . What it proves to be is an emotional orgasm, ego assertion, with no economic responsibility, zooming off on a purely intellectual binge." (But then Dutton, a balanced man, has second thoughts: 'It should be a good thing. That contradicts everything I've ever believed. . . . I admit I've compromised myself some in the Brown campaign, but then I'd like to win for once.') Brown himself says the clubs are "a good thing, though they're not too mature. They would be more effective if they would be a little less radical—not philosophically, I mean, but politically." One endorsement this year particularly galling to the pros was Lopez for Secretary of State, even though a Los Angeles County supervisor of proven liberalism also sought the nomination. Lopez, it is said, swept the clubs simply by stumping around in advance of the convention, convincing the clubbers of his liberalism and emphasizing the need for minorities' representation on the slate.

With endorsement of the clubs tantamount now to nomination, Richards says, the clubs very nearly are the party. If they have made the Democrats in California more issues-conscious than most state-level Democrats, one would think liberals would rejoice. Most do. In a reaction against the "anti-party" system of the progressive era, the long-nullified Democrats are reasserting their right to be heard in a partisan party. Lest they suffer the same disillusion of altruist William Kent, their gubernatorial candidate Pat Brown, like Earl Warren and the Republicans before him, has accepted their partisan support and the legacy of nonpartisanship, too. In this way, Brown capitulates to, and in himself incorporates, the main impulses of California politics in the late 50's.

In coming issues RONNIE DUGGER *will report further on his political tour of California recently completed for this journal. Mr. Dugger edits* The Texas Observer.

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Middle East Middle Ground

A Long-Time Observer Advises the West To Respect the Desire for Arab Neutrality

by ELIZABETH MONROE

PERHAPS last month's events in Lebanon, when bullets whistled between the Cadillacs and bombs scattered elegant shoppers, are meant to serve as a portent. Now that most Western concerns in the Middle East have transferred their headquarters from Cairo, where portents were plentiful, to sleek, cosmopolitan Beirut, visitors see too few reminders that they have reached Afro-Asia. Admittedly, no Lebanese wants to serve as a reminder of Asia. He is by tradition and habit the link between the Middle East and the West, and has relished the role for centuries; until 20 years ago, if he used the word "Arab" he meant the people of the desert beyond the mountain at his back. He looked and still looks seaward toward Paris and New York, in contrast to the narrow, inward-looking people of the Nile Valley. Lately, Lebanon has re-enforced the impression it gives of Westerly affiliation; it refrained from breaking off relations with Britain and France over Suez, and it subscribed to the Eisenhower Doctrine—the only member state of the Arab League to do so. Yet these appearances are deceptive. Today, it has acquired a sense of nationhood, and, as a nation, must be Arab or cannot survive. Current events serve to place it in this perspective.

As always, Lebanese politics make a specialty of confusing the onlooker; cross currents such as personal animosities and sectarian rivalries blur the outlines. This time, neither the gunmen nor the long list of holders of personal press conferences can be classified into Christians looking westward for support and Moslems looking inland toward Nasser's United Arab Republic (UAR), or into nationalists and federalists, or into social categories. All the participants belong to a country in which, as in Switzerland, nationhood hangs on a most delicate balance between communities, and all know it. (In Lebanon, these communities are Christians, Moslems and Druses.) All belong to a nation of shopkeepers bent on trading eastward as well as westward for prosperity. Other essentials must be grasped if the Lebanese rebellion is to be sized up: The country's Christian component is frightened of community strife, which might reduce it to what it once was—a mere enclave in a sea of Moslems; the presidential term of six years is perhaps too long in a country in which bids for office are a political pastime and the pro-Western group of politicians at present in power rigged the last elections so heavily as to stifle all opposition, and so has driven even its milder opponents into flirting with the United Arab Republic.

But the one factor that serves to account for every facet of the rebellion is the prevalence of the opinion that President Chamoun has leaned too far westward and that the country ought to get back to the middle of the road or it will lose its Arab nature and its nationhood. How else explain that the Maronite Patriarch opposes his fellow-Christian, the President, with arguments that the Eisenhower Doctrine goes against nature and so endangers rather than strengthens the Christian community? Or that, in April, 80 notable citizens, by no means all of them Moslem, signed a manifesto warning the country against any attempt by the President to alter the constitution so as to stand for a second term? Or that last month's dissidents sabotaged the oil pipeline from

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ON THE OCCASION of her retirement from *The Economist* to become a fellow of St. Anne's College, Oxford, *The New Republic* asked Miss Monroe to give our readers her opinion of why Western diplomacy has lately done so poorly in the Middle East and what changes in official attitudes in Washington and London she would recommend.

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Iraq, which is allegedly pro-Western, but not that from neutral Saudi Arabia?

It is undoubtedly over-facile to write off the whole upheaval as the work of imported agitators, and to say, as President Chamoun has told the world, that it amounts to "external aggression." Syrian and Egyptian intruders certainly stirred the waters, but these were muddy already. Such agitators as arrived had backing from a wide range of local opinion, including many liberals, Christians and anti-Communists, because these felt that President Chamoun had steered them off course.

This diagnosis of the spectacle in one small Middle Eastern state is important because it is of wider application than merely to Lebanon. The same impulses are latent elsewhere, and what happened in the most westerly-looking of the Arab states could happen in other countries that the West counts as allies. In both Iraq and Jordan a minority government has similarly rigged a parliament in order to contain public opinion on, among other topics, how far to lean on the West. The kind of frustration that bred revolt in Lebanon could break out in Jordan or in Iraq tomorrow.

THIS is the context in which Washington and London need to plan their Middle Eastern policy. Sometimes they seem to be framing it in complacent oblivion of the waves of antipathy that their policy generates around friends such as President Chamoun, Nuri Pasha of Iraq, or King Hussein of Jordan.

The two major interests that the US and Britain pursue in the Middle East are maintenance of the oil supply that sustains Western Europe, and containment of Soviet expansion in Asia. For years, they have lived from hand to mouth over the former, merely making shift to bolster domestic peace and quiet in the states through which the oil passes, and have devoted all their consecutive thought and planning to the latter objective. No doubt they reckoned that they were putting first things first—a view that might have been logical had Washington and London been in a position to keep the Soviet Union out of the area altogether. But in their obsession with the Cold War, and egged on by the Turks—who fear the Soviet Union as much as they do—they plodded ahead without much heed to the effect of their concepts of defense against Russia upon common opinion in the locality.

It is legitimate to speak of the United States and the United Kingdom in a breath because their policies, though often devised on different grounds and exercised separately, have become so alike as to be rated identical by all the peoples of the Middle East, except perhaps the Israelis. Arabs in particular draw little distinction between a variety of endeavors: first, Mr. Ernest Bevin's postwar drive to recover Britain's prewar alliances; then the joint Western plan for an "allied command," later and more tactfully renamed a "Middle East Defense Organization"; then Mr. Dulles' plan for a "northern tier," then the Baghdad Pact and lastly the Eisenhower Doctrine. All are classed as attempts at worst by warmongers, and at best by Wall Street and the city of London, to commit the Middle East to purely Western causes.

The divergence of British and American policy over Suez was only an interlude during which, for a brief moment, the British remained villains (or became super villains for siding with Israel) whereas the Americans became saviors. But the second attribution was short-lived. Two months later the Eisenhower Doctrine was propounded and within three days Cairo Radio was once more using its powerful voice to equate the United States' quest for signatures and for "preservation of the integrity" of local nations with more hackneyed British forms of interference:

> How can one reconcile America's recent denunciation of Anglo-Franco-Israeli aggression with the attitude it now takes? This doctrine suggests that it is prepared to commit acts similar to those committed by its allies—a policy as bad as anything ever perpetrated by British imperialism . . .

and, in another broadcast a week later:

> Before trying to take over Britain's place, has the United States considered why it was that British influence crumbled?

Once upon a time, the Middle East drew at least one sharp distinction between Washington and London: in its eyes the first favored and the second grudged independence. This American reputation for liberalism began to fade when the United States helped to create Israel but gave no similar thought to the Arabs of Palestine; it disappeared with the Eisenhower Doctrine.

It must be confessed that there is a good deal of supporting evidence for this theory. Each was as brusque as the other in its method of turning down the Aswan Dam subsidy; first one and then the other has paid for preservation of the shaky throne of Jordan; even the United States has taken to "sending a cruiser" (the *Forrestal* to Beirut during King Hussein's throne crisis of 1957) in order to shape local policy to Western liking; neither has been above pitting Arab against Arab, the British by exhorting Nuri to stand up to Nasser and the Americans by accompanying an airlift of arms to Jordan with a tactless hint that these might serve for use against Syria.

Perhaps the act thought most indicative of their common nature is their practice of supporting unrepresentative democratic government after rigged elections—British support in Iraq, American in Lebanon. Those who are surprised at the vehemence of the recent Lebanese reaction, or at the notion that a similar outburst might take place in Iraq, either have not their ear to the ground, or else listen only to people who tell them what they want to hear.

One further handicap besets Western diplomacy. Per-

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force, its representatives move for the most part in anti-Communist, English-speaking circles, and in so doing saddle the West with a social liability. Willy nilly, Westerners are identified with a class of Arabs and Iranians that is averse to any diminution of privilege. They are equated with a generation suffering from hardened arteries, out to resist any chipping at even the edges of the old order, and therefore antagonistic to the most popular of all recent developments in the Middle East—Egypt's social revolution. To local opinion, Americans in jeans have ganged up with the British in their proverbial boiled shirts on the side of the kings and nobles and against the Third Estate.

All this Arab reasoning may be laughably over-simple, but Arabs are not the only parties guilty of over-simplification. Sir Anthony Eden in one inglorious burst, and Secretary Dulles over the years since Egypt's Czech arms deal, have been far too ready to judge Arab attitudes as either red or blue, pro-Soviet or pro-Western, without acknowledging that there is an Arab state of mind worth cultivating on a terrain in between. As a result of over-cossetting the true-blues, they have embarrassed many Middle Eastern friends who would like to speak up for them, and have antagonized many a young man with a Western education who is as anti-Communist as Sir Anthony or Mr. Dulles.

FOR it is a fallacy to imagine that all Arabs or Iranians who revile the West support the Soviet Union. To most, the USSR belongs to the same rogue's gallery of interfering busybodies as Britain and France, Turkey and the United States; so much was proved by the extraordinary haste which the Syrians made to sink their national identity in Egypt's rather than fall under the sway of other Syrians reckoned to be Soviet puppets. When, a few weeks ago, President Nasser took off for Moscow, the colleagues who saw him off seemed uncertain whether to put on the face for a wedding or for a funeral, and since his return he has been at pains to prove that he came back uncommitted to his hosts. The 2000 cheering young Middle Easterners who attended last year's Festival of Youth in Russia are nothing to judge by; they have their counterparts in all countries. Governments who are buying Soviet tanks and MIGs and helicopters would as soon, if not rather, have placed their orders in America if the US would let them have the stuff and the spare parts.

The nation that beckons with success is not the Soviet Union but Egypt, and not President Nasser personally (another symbol—Naguib if he had survived—would do as well) but the Egyptian social revolution. This, the most important phenomenon of the 1950's in the Middle East, attracts the people of the region much as the French Revolution once attracted liberal Europe. The peoples of the Middle East are caught in its spell for a number of reasons—not merely because it put an end to rule by a self-interested oligarchy and offers new openings to commoners, but because it has transformed years of Arab talk into deeds of daring; because it has placed the Arabs on the map and obtained a world hearing for their point of view; because it has thrown off the last shackles of perennial foreign domination. What is more, it now bestrides two of the world's main lines of communication: the Suez Canal and the oil pipelines to Europe from Northern Iraq and the Persian Gulf. It can talk with great powers as man to man, and, best of all, it is committed to none of them. Set against these dazzling accomplishments, President Nasser's failures escape notice.

NOW, HEAR THIS!

THE PRINCIPLE of neutrality . . . has increasingly become an obsolete conception and, except under very exceptional circumstances . . . immoral.

—JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *June 9, 1956.*

AT THE REQUEST of the Government of Egypt, the United States joined . . . in an offer to assist Egypt in the construction of a high dam on the Nile at Aswan. . . . Developments within the succeeding seven months have not been favorable to the success of the project, and the US Government has concluded that it is not feasible in present circumstances to participate. . . .

—STATE DEPARTMENT COMMUNIQUE, *July 19, 1956.*

C. D. JACKSON, former special assistant to President Eisenhower, said yesterday the United States touched off the Middle East crisis because [Soviet strategy] left the West open to blackmail by countries seeking aid. . . . Mr. Jackson said that to precipitate the showdown the US withdrew its offer to help Egypt build the Aswan Dam.

—ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCH, *March 31, 1957.*

THE United States is prepared to use armed force to assist any . . . nation or group of nations requesting assistance against armed aggression from any country controlled by international Communism."

—"THE EISENHOWER DOCTRINE," *Joint Congressional Resolution, March 9, 1957.*

THIS pumping in of a very large quantity of military equipment . . . gives Syria important offensive capacities and [lodges] control of those weapons in the hands of those who seem to be influenced at least by international Communism."

—JOHN FOSTER DULLES, *August 28, 1957.*

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Few onlookers remember that he intended to magnetize the Sudan and to worst Israel.

By way of counter-attraction, the West has nothing better to display than the Baghdad Pact and the Eisenhower Doctrine. So far, it has failed to give the illusion of aloofness and readiness to let Arabs be Arabs that has, until this spring in Syria, been one of the successful features of Soviet Middle Eastern policy. Admittedly the Pact and Doctrine supply aid and arms (though the latter only in moderation on account of a responsible Western attitude toward the Arab-Israel struggle) but the impression which sticks, locally, is that the West has done so only as part of an effort to draw small fry into its net. Critics are quick to point out that the rewards Washington and London offer are easily available to people who do not sign the pledges they carry in their other hand. Looking back with the advantage of hindsight, there is much to suggest that the Western failure to assess correctly and cater to the neutralist mood of the Middle Eastern peoples helped to open the breach through which the Soviet Union entered the area.

It is irresponsible to level criticism at policy without giving thought to the alternative courses available, and many of those commonly suggested are not as practicable as they sound. For instance: "Why," ask the angry young men of Iraq or Iran, "do you Americans and British conduct all your dealings with an outdated class and generation; why don't you come straight to us—the people?" The answer is that however unrepresentative and unpopular a government in power may be, diplomatic business must be done with it; any other course would amount to kingmaking of a brand those same young men would be the first to denounce—indeed, of the kind they denounced when they worsted Syria's Communists and near-Communists, General Bizri and Sayed Khaled el Azm. A much more delicate problem is posed when brother Arabs practice subversion in the name of brotherhood. When this happens, as just now in Lebanon or during the Suez crises in Bahrein, it is difficult not to respond to requests by friendly governments for the apparatus lately described as "riot equipment" by the American Ambassador to Lebanon. Yet even while conforming to such conventions, Washington and London have scope for some advantageous shifts of course or emphasis. In particular, both would benefit were each to seize every opportunity to reveal that they are no longer struggling against two of the more powerful impulses that at present fire the Middle East—neutralism and Arab unity.

Need Western interests suffer if foreign ministers, instead of touting for Middle Eastern signatures to published alliances, were to acquiesce in, even welcome Arab neutrality? Surely it is significant that the two Arab states which remain unimpressed by President Nasser's foreign policy are the two countries that feel that they have been let alone, and have had free elections—the Sudan and Tunisia. The skies would not fall were Lebanon to jettison the Eisenhower Doctrine, or Iraq to prefer not to renew the Baghdad Pact when the time comes for this next year. Each would administer a passing snub to the West, but there is no reason to suppose they would close their doors to it and open them to the Soviet Union. In the long run, they might be less restive if they had enjoyed making a choice, and might be stabler governments with which to deal over oil.

Indeed, there is among all these gloomy reflections about Western handicaps one thought that is not so black. When Middle Eastern oil is mentioned as "vital," the life visualized is always that of Western Europe. Now that profits from the industry are divided 50-50, and, locally, are being put to setting up social apparatus that needs expensive maintenance, oil has become Middle Eastern life-blood also. And, since the Soviet Union is an oil exporter, the oil of the Middle Eastern states must flow westward or their apparatus will come apart. Neither Arab neutrality nor Arab unity will alter this fact.

Of course there is no ready-mix recipe for blending harmoniously all the various parts of Western policy in so diverse an area. For instance, it is impossible to assert that a blessing given to Arab neutrality would solve the Palestine problem—still the biggest handicap to Western fortunes in the area. Yet neither Arab neutrality nor Arab unity need make life more difficult for Israel. On a superficial view, the Israelis might be thought to be best off if hostile neighbors are quarreling among themselves, but perceptive Israelis reckon that their fragile country is more secure in an Arab world that is stable than in one that is full of weak governments, each trying to appear more resolute than the other on the one topic about which they all agree—hatred of Israel. More problematical for Washington and London would be the observance, in the new conditions, of loyalty to stalwart personal friends such as Nuri Pasha of Iraq, Camille Chamoun of Lebanon or the conservative ruling families of the Persian Gulf to whom the British are bound by undertakings of support more than half a century old.

Happily, the signs are multiplying that Washington and London now want to see the Middle East less exclusively in shades of red and black. There are even hints that our governments may stop swimming so perversely against the converging streams of Arab neutrality and unity. Washington has seen the unwisdom of trying to make King Saud broadcast his political predilections, and London is moving toward a new relationship with the United Arab Republic in a climate of mixed, wayward Egyptian moods. "He that is not with me is against me" is a sentiment unsuited to the occasion. It is time to drop a habit of mind generated by the Cold War, and to reflect that diplomacy is an art which succeeds as often by falling in with other people's instincts as by trying to impose one's own.

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BOOKS & COMMENT

Churchill as a Historian

by Gerald W. Johnson

THIS massive work is history, but not historiography. That is to say, the book is an event in itself, not the chronicle of an event. That Sir Winston Churchill saw the world in this particular way is a fact that future historians must take into account, for it affords a clue to developments that otherwise would be incomprehensible. Churchill is not a historian; he is a maker of history for other men to write, and he retains that character even when he takes the pen in hand.

A History of the English Speaking Peoples, by Winston S. Churchill (Dodd, Mead; 4 volumes, $6 each).

For instance, a flood of light is thrown on the existing world situation by a brief *obiter dictum* in the third volume: "The enunciation of first principles has always been obnoxious to the English mind." This is dazzling, coming from the most lavish and most eloquent enunciator of first principles that England has produced certainly since Gladstone and perhaps since Bacon. It is a demonstration of the magnificent inconsistency that is probably the secret of survival of the British ruling class for seven hundred years.

For it has survived. It may be that Howard is the only great house that can trace its line unbroken as far as the 13th Century, but the English nobility has been permanent in the sense that seafoam is permanent, constantly evaporating at the top, but as constantly renewed from below, therefore always before the eyes. Well-attested chronicles inform us that the British ruling class has surrendered in every important crisis for five hundred years, yet it remains the ruling class. The explanation is that it will cheerfully surrender anything and everything save the right to rule; and, retaining that, it has actually yielded nothing.

But enunciation of this principle is in fact obnoxious to the English mind. It is more than obnoxious, it is unbearable, so it is not done; and the distaste for plain statement of the obvious extends to other first principles. Churchill's dictum is therefore true and highly important.

It can be argued with some plausibility that the basic structure of modern English bears less resemblance to that of French or German than to that of Indic, which is not a language, but a family of languages. A Canadian and a South African can still understand each other with some effort; but the effort increases steadily. As for the main branches, we have on record the stupefaction of an English visitor confronted with a newspaper headline reading, OYSTER BANS JAM PROBE. It was, indeed, rather odd that an assistant district attorney should be named Oyster, but commonplace that he should dismiss as unnecessary (ban) an official investigation (probe) of a crush in a subway station (jam).

But this first principle of linguistics, inevitable and increasing divergence, Churchill nowhere enunciates. It is obnoxious to his mind, for it suggests, if it does not imply, divergencies in modes of thought; and the whole tenor of this work is a vigorous denial of any important divergence of the political philosophies of the nations that speak the various dialects grouped under the term "English."

It is in many respects a splendid denial, but it is not history in the sense that the work of Gibbon, Mommsen and Toynbee (or for that matter of McMaster, Channing and Rhodes) is history. It is an account of politics which is, after all, a small segment of the total activity of the peoples under consideration. Churchill assumes, reasonably enough, that the bond of a common language is an exceedingly strong one, but he has no interest in examining that language. The index of Volume Two, covering the Tudor-Stuart period, has one entry under the name of Shakespeare, none under that of Milton, one under that of Spencer, which is merely a reference to the fact that he glorified Elizabeth the Great.

THIS is doubtless natural and perhaps inevitable in view of the fact that the author is representative of a ruling class, whose business is to rule, and whose interest is in their own business. If they tend to assume that theirs is the only important creative energy in the nation, well, who doesn't? Intellectually, Churchill is capable of almost any feat, but emotionally it is probably impossible for him to accept the suggestion that Watt and Boulton had more to do than Disraeli with the creation of the British empire, or that Eli Whitney did more to bring on, and Claude Etienne Minié more to win the American Civil War than Calhoun and Grant. The politician is the important man, which leads Churchill to the singular observation that Edmund Burke was "probably the greatest man that Ireland has produced." Even when the politician is an egregious ass, as the King was more often than not, a puppet dancing to strings pulled by invisible hands, as statesmen usually are, his doings deserve more attention than those of the poets, scientists and philosophers, by and in whose thought the nations live.

Nevertheless, although Churchill is a bad historian he is a magnificent writer, and its merit as literature will probably cause his book to outweigh the work of far better scholars. Regarded strictly as narrative it is beyond serious criticism. Minor slips are of course inevitable in a work of this size; the American section, for instance, has some odd information, such as that the Appalachian mountains are "a western chain of the Alle-

NR Summer Schedule

DURING July and August, ***The New Republic*** will appear every other week, instead of weekly. Issues will be dated July 7, July 21, August 4, and August 18. Weekly publication will be resumed September 1.

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ghenies," that John Paul Jones, Captain USN, was a privateer, that West Point, Virginia, is on the York river, and that the man who beat Bryan was William J. McKinley. He seems to have the impression, too, that Jefferson was a proletarian and Hamilton an aristocrat, and he illustrates the brilliance of Hamilton's political thinking by quoting a long excerpt from an essay by Madison (*Federalist,* Number Ten).

BUT the American section as a whole is amazingly accurate considering the ground that the author had to cover in less than a single volume. Above all, Churchill is bent on being scrupulously fair in treating the conflicts between this country and Great Britain. There is no trace of either malice or condescension in these pages, and a friendliness that one is bound to believe comes from the heart. The author has discreetly ended his story at the first World War; the rest he has relegated, properly, to his memoirs.

The merits of this work—the tense, nervous style, the smooth flow of the narrative, the limpidity of the thought—will almost certainly make it the preferred version of English history for some time. Churchill is the logical successor of Macaulay—a status by no means to his taste, as his estimate of Macaulay is low—and the work of both should be accepted with much the same reservations. They are special pleaders, intent on establishing a thesis—Whiggery in Macaulay's case, in Churchill's the *mystique* of the English language. There is something to be said for both theses, but the special pleaders have said too much, as special pleaders usually do.

Churchill is undeniably right in arguing that a common language is a powerful bond between nations; but he goes too far in assuming that the binding force of language is more powerful than the riving force of mutually exclusive philosophies. That is debatable, to say the least. The first three words of our Constitution are a flat repudiation of the Greek theory of *banausia,* the idea that gainful labor disqualifies a man for thought. Those words are, "We, the people," and they are an implicit denial of the doctrine, accepted since Plato's time, that leisure is an indispensable qualification of a successful ruling class.

To ignore this fact is to deprive the American governmental experiment of much of its meaning. Out of it has come the vital spark in the theory of democracy—also the romantic nonsense of the "levellers" that is the death of democracy, but let that pass—and to overlook it is to render American history incomprehensible.

Doubtless Churchill would vehemently deny that he finds any banausic taint in honest labor and he could point to his own career as one of the hardest-working men in the British empire. But Churchill also said, "I have not become the King's First Minister in order to preside over the liquidation of the British Empire," which was, nevertheless, exactly what he did. He accepts without question the monarchical principle, and that acceptance inevitably proclaims that the career is not entirely open to talent.

Prediction in world affairs is today so hazardous that it may be fatuous; but one cannot avoid the suspicion that this book may be the last mighty shout of "God Save the Queen!" It closes with this summation: "The convulsive climax of the first Great War was finally and inseparably to link America with the fortunes of the Old World and Britain." Is there not a note of desperation in this? Churchill may have put it that way only to avoid saying that the effect of the war was to link Britain hopelessly to the fortunes of the United States.

But if the man is less than a first-rate historian, what of it? He commands respectful attention anyhow, for what he was; and criticism of what he said is bootless in view of what he did. He wrote his own epitaph in his final comment on Oliver Cromwell:

> Amid the ruins of every institution, social and political, which had hitherto guided the Island life he towered up, gigantic, glowing, indispensable, the sole agency by which time could be gained for healing and regrowth.

The Survivors

APPETITES long since back to normal,
Water tasteless and sleep usual,
Even from their nightmares the desert
Annually receded until
The dreams in which they saw it were gentle,
And they had to touch their tongues with dry dust
To remember where they might have been lying
All these years, forgotten even by vultures.

Then found that they wanted to remember,
Caught themselves sometimes wishing seriously
That they were still stumbling in the talc glitter,
Drought swelling their tongues, and everywhere
The faithless distance whose meaning was always clear,
And their needs absolute and simple as
Their knowledge of what they stood to lose, and why;
Then they dreamed that their ragged impossible entry
Was still a hope, somehow, and not history.

But they trekked each alone in that wish. The others
Were no help. Not the sort of people
Who met often in the ordinary way.
Reluctantly kept anniversary
Dissimulating what they saw in each other,
Politely now, but with bewilderment,
Reminded chiefly that their silence was no longer
A word which they had understood together
When they had known what to say to each other.

W. S. MERWIN

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RECORDS

The Rossini Era

It was only a few years ago that the public's acquaintance with Rossini encompassed *The Barber of Seville* and a few overtures, of which even *The Barber* was enjoyed but not highly respected. In those few years LP recordings have enabled the public to hear other works that have revealed Rossini as a composer of far greater talent and achievement than he had been credited with. In operatic comedy *La Cenerentola* turned out to have even more impressive lyric, comic and bravura-style writing than *The Barber*—with the florid passages sometimes breathtaking in their controlled extravagance. And *William Tell* showed Rossini's powers for more than operatic comedy in the serious writing that elicited Berlioz' enthusiasm (no one should miss his superb essay on *Tell* in Strunk's *Source Readings in Music History.*)

Tell was Rossini's last opera; and now we get the comedy that preceded it, *Le Comte Ory,* which exhibits a delicacy and grace, a refinement of melody, harmony, orchestration and texture that moved Berlioz to exclaim over the "musical riches" and the "collection of diverse beauties which . . . would suffice to make the fortune not of one, but of two or three operas!" Angel 3565 gives us a Glyndebourne Festival performance conducted by Gui, with the qualities that made the Glyndebourne *Cenerentola* so distinguished and exciting—the beautiful-sounding and precise playing he gets from the orchestra, the admirable style he imposes on the singing, the sustained tension he creates in the integrated progression of voices and orchestra. Juan Oncina, in the title role, sings with the style I have mentioned, but with the bloom gone from the voice he had in *La Cenerentola,* and with a strong wobble in the high notes that one fears he won't get but that he does get. The rest of the singing is good.

Nor is it only the unfamiliar operas of Rossini that astonish us: there are also the sonatas for strings that he wrote in his teens, and the many small vocal and instrumental pieces that he wrote in the years after *William Tell* in which he produced no more operas. A number of these were orchestrated by Respighi for the Massine ballet *La Boutique fantasque;* and after several recordings of the concert suite London LL-1715 gives us the entire score, which is filled with lovely and charming music orchestrated with skill and taste and excellently performed by Solti with the Israel Philharmonic (Dukas' *The Sorcerer's Apprentice* also is on the record). And a group of three songs entitled *La Regata Veneziana* is included among the songs and arias by Alessandro Scarlatti, Handel, Mozart, Bellini and others that Tebaldi sings in ear-ravishing fashion on London 5394.

The KIND of engaging melodies in those little vocal and instrumental pieces aren't expressively suitable for certain of the texts to which they are applied in the *Petite Messe solennelle*—the soprano solo to the words of the *"Crucifixus"* being only the most absurd example of this incongruity. But the work also has several sections that are more suitable and impressive — the *"Gloria,"* the *"Cum Sanctu Spirito,"* the *"Et Resurrexit"* (though even this last ends with a grossly inappropriate treatment of the final line *"In unum Deum credo"*). In the performance on Angel 3562 the tenor is less good than the other soloists—Caterina Mancini, soprano, Oralia Dominguez, contralto, Mario Petri, bass; the Coro Polifonico del' Accademia di Santa Cecilia in Rome is excellent; and Renato Fasano conducts effectively. For the first performance in a private home Rossini wrote the instrumental accompaniment for two pianos; but later, in anticipation of public performance, he scored it for full orchestra; and the orchestral version should have been recorded, not the less effective "original" two-piano version.

With the recordings of these less familiar works we also get a new *Barber of Seville,* and one that I consider the best so far of this delightful work. The performance on Angel 3559 has Callas as Rosina, exhibiting again her shrillness and wobble in high notes, including the ones in the showy passages she substitutes for Rossini's writing; but on the other hand her voice exerts its usual compulsion with the strange and beautiful timbre of its lower range, and her singing does so with its sovereign assurance and style, the powerful continuity of the subtle inflection of phrase that conveys a wealth of expressive—which is to say humorous—point. And the others in the oustanding cast—Gobbi as Figaro, Alva as the Count, Ollendorff as Dr. Bartolo, Zaccaria as Don Basilio—sing, under Galliera's direction, with the refinement and subtlety of phrasing and style that he achieves also in the playing of the London Philharmonia.

One of the sensations of the 1955-56 New York season was the American Opera Society's performance of Cherubini's *Medea,* which revealed Cherubini as the composer of dramatic melody of great beauty and expressive power, and which was made sensational by the way this melody—with its unbelievable demands of range, of both power and delicacy, and of endurance—was sung by Eileen Farrell. One would therefore expect a first Angel record concerned with *Eileen Farrell in Grand Opera* to include her performances of Medea's arias and to stay on that level; but Angel 35589 offers her singing in a collection ranging from the *"Divinités du Styx"* from Gluck's *Alceste,* the *"Ozean, du Ungeheuer"* from *Oberon* and the usual arias from Verdi's *Ernani,* Tchaikovsky's *Jeanne d'Arc* and Ponchielli's *La Gioconda,* down to arias from Massenet's *Hérodiade,* Debussy's *L'Enfant prodigue* and Menotti's *The Consul.* In these her voice and her way of using that voice place her among the greats of today—with Steber and Bjoerling.

It is Callas who, on Angel 35304, *Callas at La Scala,* sings an aria from *Medea,* and sings it very impressively in her own way, as she does three beautiful arias from Spontini's *La Vestale.* With these the record has *"Come per me sereno"* from Bellini's *La Sonnambula* and *"Qui la voce"* from his *I Puritani,* taken from the previously issued complete recordings of these works; and so it offers the striking and saddening contrast between the steady, agreeable-sounding high B flats in *I Puritani* recorded a few years ago and the unlovely, wobbly B flats recorded recently.

B. H. HAGGIN

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ART

Friends Indeed at the Whitney

ADD footnotes to Helen Hill Miller's Notes Toward a Refinancing of Culture: One of the popular devices adopted by American art museums in this period of vanishing angels is the "Friends of the Museum" organization. I believe the Friends idea came into existence some years back as the next best thing for museums that were not membership organizations, such as St. Louis and Kansas City. St. Louis is a municipal museum; every citizen is a member and what is everyone's responsibility is no one's. K.C. is a total gift from one of the last big angels, William Rockhill Nelson, publisher of the *Star*; under the terms of his bequest, there is a small admission charge based on the theory that if you pay for it you appreciate it, but there is no membership, power being vested in a triumvirate of investment men who answer to a triumvirate of university presidents, professional decisions being made by the professional in charge, Lawrence Sickman.

From the point of view of many a trustee-harassed director, Lawrence Sickman has it made, with plenty of money and no one muttering I don't know anything about art but I know what I like and this isn't it. Sickman, perhaps because museum men aren't comfortable unless they're uneasy, early discerned two troubles in paradise: Nelson, shortly before writing his *last* last will and testament, was badly frightened by the Armory Show and wrote in a clause against using the museum's substantial purchase funds on artists not safely dead many years. As far as the original cause for alarm is concerned, this has been ironied out by time: post-Impressionists, Fauves, Intimists, Futurists and early Cubists are now eligible; the Midwest renaissance men, including Kansas City's own Thomas Hart Benton, of whom Nelson would probably have approved enthusiastically, are still excluded. Secondly, without membership, the museum had no real roots. To solve both these problems, the Friends exist. Friends are connected with the museum without really being members; and, through various events and activities, but chiefly an annual ball, they raise money to purchase mostly contemporary art.

In this decade, the Friends idea has spread like middle age, to which it is not unrelated. Today there are probably more Friends in the national art world than in all of Pennsylvania. In the evolution of a pattern, the idea of belonging has got well out in front of the idea of raising money. The idea of painless education, through field trips to artists' studios and other museums, and through lunch-lectures, has come up fast on the outside to pretty well characterize the movement. The annual dance in the museum continues to be the chief glamor and the chief money-raiser.

Only a churl would take exception to all this largely harmless activity. Being a churl, I consider it worth pointing out that in many communities a potentially valuable source of museum income is in danger of turning into one more activity for the sake of activity. The other peril of Friendship is to museum directors and accessible artists in having great gobs of their time devoured and their studios overrun with Friendly visitors.

WITH SUCH the general situation, it is heartening to report a gigantic exception, the Friends of the Whitney Museum of American Art, who are about to close their first exhibition at the Whitney in New York.

Compared to the Whitney's most other museums' Friends are chance acquaintances. Dues, to begin with, are a whacking $250 a year, as against a normal $2 to $25. This, as it should, takes care of the money raising angle, yielding, at the present membership, about $30,000 or the return on a prudently invested half million endowment.

In return for this the Whitney's Friends get borrowing privileges on the Museum's collection of American art, which is probably tops in its field, and they're allowed in on the fruit of the Museum's four or five viewings per year of work by younger and less well known artists. Members also receive publications and parties, but the main return on their investment, I think, is the simple sense of doing something that needs to be done. In a year and a half of operation, the Whitney's Friends have added 15 major works to the collection and are now planning to assist the Museum's publication program.

THE 180 piece show now closing offers a good view of what's being collected, since the members, who lent their own paintings and sculpture for their first exhibition, make up about as representative a selection of collections as you could wish. The show also explains why the Whitney's Friends can so easily outdistance the rest. There are no new converts, eager to explore the wonders of art. If the trouble with Friends across the country is too many rice Christians, the Whitney group is a college of cardinals.

Their collections have yielded an impressive voyage on the main stream of 20th Century American, from some fine paintings by Glackens, Sloan and the rest of that crew up to Shahn, Davis, Sheeler, Hopper, Marsh, Burchfield, Gorky, Balcomb Greene and Pollock. Everything is covered, but there is a better sense of balance than in most Whitney annuals and this is largely due to size. The uncommonly small pictures of the early men are not overwhelmed by the uncommonly large pictures of the swing and sway boys of today. This is because the latter are represented by much smaller works than are usually exhibited in museums, few examples topping off at more than four or five feet. This proves that no matter how big the canvas, the ceiling in private homes remains fixed and lower than that in museums.

FRANK GETLEIN

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A COMMUNICATION

What's Wrong with Nixon?

SIRS:

I WAS GLAD *The New Republic* reminded Max Freedman of the form Nixon's "understanding and friendship" for Britain and France took at the time of Suez. I was glad Representative Udall pointed out in your columns that Stevenson's imprint on the political style of his time has lasted in inverse ratio to his degree of success at the polls, and nowhere more striking than when assumed by the Vice President.

I thought the Halsey piece on Nixon mostly self-righteous and myopic twaddle and I still think so. The argument isn't enhanced, let alone furthered, by analogies to the rise of Hitler and some of those dark-jowled South American fellows, which, God knows, is plain enough now. Nixon's public image has changed; it won't go back to what it was once. He knows and we know it. I've not a doubt in the world that he has a determined ambition to accomplish a great deal of good, in his judgment. The charges against him of innuendo and falsehood, of lack of roots, political, ethical and philosophic, are best documented as in your recent issues by his own speeches, which as late as 1956 made often truly appalling reading. But there is another body of objection, usually termed vague, and before dissenting voices grow weaker between the chorus of acclaim on one hand and grim warnings of leadership needs on the other, I'd like to try to pin it down.

It is harsh, after Mr. and Mrs. Nixon's experiences in South America in which their discipline aroused as much admiration as their courage, to draw two illustrations from those circumstances, except that the frame, which may become more familiar in time ahead, heightens their pertinence. It was only bad taste for Nixon in Peru to speak of "a day that will live in infamy," first in ranking the depraved acts of individuals with the official act of a government, second in plagiarizing the terrible dignity of the phrase that for all time for us is reserved for that soft, tropical Pearl Harbor Sunday when America lost its innocence, in shock and blood. The second illustration, in my judgment, is not minor, but goes to the heart of the matter. Reports stated that he was warned of trouble and danger at the University but decided to go anyway. All right, if he thought it best. Then the verbatim quote: "They can't frighten me."

One flushed with embarrassment. Misquoted, out of context? But it was not only the same in several dispatches; it also had the authentic ring of Nixonese. This was language for a certain scale: a strike, a dispute, a personal threat. *Was* it in scale, with one nation insulted and stunned, the other hostile and embarrassed, the life and limb of many people, including his own wife, endangered, that the fulcrum of the events did or did not fear for his person? I'm not talking about his courage; I'm talking about his communication. One might have a renegade thought that a stone-throwing mob was something quite properly to be frightened of, even if one had to walk through it without running, or take spittle in the face without flinching. And if the statement was not only false, which it was, because no man alive can't be frightened unless he's unconscious, but a falsehood, then do we *expect* a leader, second official of a nation, to show cowardice, that he must assure us he won't? Could it ever have occurred to Winston Churchill in the dark hours of 1940 to assure his people that he was a brave man? He took for granted that men are brave.

IT IS the style of Nixon, or to be more painfully exact, the lack of one—that pervasive and alchemic falsity, which isn't art or showmanship, a respectable talent, but a veritable Midas touch for making ersatz of the real, even his own realness, that has made many of us wince since we heard and observed him for the first time. It isn't the in-fighting, it isn't the instinct for the jugular, it isn't even the smiling face that luck seems always to have turned upon him. These things are real and can be resisted as real. It is the mechanizing, the demeaning, the patronizing of our perceptions and sensibilities, the subtle corruption, which I used to think was calculated by him but have come to believe is in great part unconscious, of communication on the level where we perceive not Americans, not highbrow or lowbrow, conformist or heretic, but each other.

His brains and vigor might pull us out of this mess, but how could men come large again for a leader whose own eyes so plainly reflect them diminished?

EVELYN HOUSTON

Alhambra, California

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Correspondence

(Continued from page 3)

a mother. . . . " I doubt that Mr. Huxley would have made that mistake, for he knows that parthenogenesis refers to reproduction without the intervention of a male. In the Apostles' Creed, we are told that Jesus "was conceived by the Holy Ghost." In orthodox Christian doctrine the Holy Ghost is *He*.

Incidentally, Mr. Graves' main point in connection with which he makes this error is well-taken. Our view of God is certainly a product of our earlier notion that authority is properly vested in an all-powerful male monarch; and this parochial view undoubtedly limits the degree to which we can approach an appreciation of God's infinite wonder and mercy.

CHARLES R. LAWRENCE
Assistant Professor of Sociology & Anthropology
Brooklyn College

". . . Undetermined origin"

WHEN Graves charged Julian Huxley with not having taken "the simple scientific precaution of finding the etymology and therefore the original meaning of 'religion'," it was surely to be supposed that he himself had consulted the relevant authorities. It does not appear that he did so. Use of the single article "Religio" in either of the long-standard etymological dictionaries of Latin, that of Walde-Hofmann (Heidelberg 1938-1956) and that of Ernout-Meillet (Paris 1951), each in its third edition, would have shown him that what he had in mind to say (and in fact did say) was faulty in all of its essential argument.

The prefix *re-*, Mr. Graves tells us, is a long syllable. From either of the dictionaries he would have learned that it is instead a short syllable, and that the lengthening of it or its replacement by *rel-* is simply a license taken by the hexameter poets (Lucretius among them) to make available to themselves a word that they could not otherwise use. Knowledge of this fact would have made it unnecessary to suppose the (by no means likely) derivation of *religio* from *rem legere* . . . neither dictionary so much as mentions it, though both treat *religio* as a word of undetermined origin.

As for the derivation from the root *lig-* ("bind") and Mr. Graves' flat statement that this is what "the Roman Catholics preach," one wonders what could have led him to believe that his statement was true. Apart from the fact that etymology is hardly a subject for preaching in any strict sense, Catholic theologians are far from committing themselves to one single account of the origin of the word *religio*. Had Mr. Graves consulted the article on religion in either the great *Dictionnaire de théologie catholique* (1937) or the more recent *Enciclopedia cattolica* published from the Vatican City itself (1953), he would have found the respective authors making it quite clear that the etymology of *religio* is and has been for centuries a disputed matter, and that their choice concerns the very two derivations that St. Augustine too, in his own time, had wavered between (*Retractations* 1.13.9, *City of God* 10.3). And if Mr. Graves had gone to St. Thomas Aquinas, who indeed had but an unclear concept of what philologists today regard as etymology, he would have found as many as three derivations offered him (*Summa Theol.* II-II q. 81, a. 1).

For Mr. Graves to have spoken of "elision" of *m* and *l*," when what he must have meant was "assimilation" is an imprecision understandable in a non-specialist; but it is quite another thing for him to tax an author with having failed to take a "simple scientific precaution" which he himself either omitted or failed to profit from.

BERNARD M. PEEBLES
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The Catholic University of America

. . . Mr. Graves replies

IT IS enjoyable to find a member of the Catholic University of America defending a Protestant atheist. Dr. Peebles regards *religio* as a "word of undetermined origin," following two Latin dictionaries. Yes, there has been a lot of uninspired guessing about the etymology. Cicero derived *religio* from *relegere*, "to read again"; Servius, Lactantius and St. Augustine preferred *religare*, "to bind back." St. Augustine's influence is supreme in the Catholic Church—at least in Europe. As they say in Spain:

> Every stew has bacon thrust in,
> Every sermon, St. Augustine.

So *relligio* is, Dr. Peebles thinks, a license taken by Lucretius? But has he any earlier authority than Lucretius for a short *e*? And did Lucretius ever take a license in the sense of wilfully changing the quantity of a syllable, as opposed to using an antique form of a word if it happened to scan better?

All right, then, call *relligio* an "assimilation" of the words *rem* and *legere*, not an "elision"—that is a matter of nomenclature, not fact. If Lucretius had wished to lengthen the *e* of *religio* for licentious reasons, why did he not do so without doubling the *l*?

Lewis and Short assume the root *lig*, whence also *lictor* and *lex*. But was not a *lictor* originally one who chose what was ritually appropriate to a sacred king, rather than one who *bound* prisoners for a consul? And was not *lex* the ritual choice appropriate to such a king, rather than a law binding on his subjects?

A "word of undetermined origin" invariably denotes a failing of the lexicographer to use his historical sense.

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